

Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martins*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hosilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicini. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemy; and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicini. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Muenius*, all the Gentry,
Cominius, *Titus Lati*, and other Senators.
Corio. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head,
Lati. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?
Lati. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yielded the Towne: he is rettyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?
Lati. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?

Lati. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?
Lati. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicini. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicini. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tounge? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To cutbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer t, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deferue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicini. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deferu'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plow'd for, sow'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Scicini. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Scicini. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not payson any further.

Corio. Shall remain?

Heare you this Triton of the *Minnotes*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hydra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The borne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Benot as common Fooles: if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supream; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to th' Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre
I say they noristh disobedience; fed, the ruin of the State.

Brut. Why shall the people giue
One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seruire for't; being prest to'th' Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deferue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,
There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Native
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtresie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words. We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Infall without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose to barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discret,
That loue the fundamentall part of State

More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not like
The sweet which is their payson. Your dishonor
Mangles true Iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Brut. Has said enough.

Scicini. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be said: it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Brut. Manifest Treason.

Scicini. This a Consull? No.

Enter an Adile.

Brut. The Ediles hee: Let him be apprehended:
Scicini. Go call the people, in whose name thy Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Scicini. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Adiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Scicini. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power.

Brut. Seize him *Adiles*!

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho?

Scicini, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath;
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Scicini*.

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Scicini.